Numb. 69.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Ridentem dicere verum quid Vetat?

From Monday December 12, to Wednesday December 14, 1709.

Emilia's Day.

WHEN the Women get into ſo high a Clack, that Forty Tongues run together, without hearing each other, the Subject is certainly *Faſhions, how they Edge their Heads, Line their Scarfs, Rowl their Sleeves, Pink their Aprons, and cut their Petticoats*, as if to commit a *Soleciſm* in Dreſs, were as unpardonable a Crime, as for an Orator to break *Priſcians* Head at the Univerſity. Lady *Kill-Chair-man*, who is one of the greateſt Goſſips in the Kingdom, and knows ev'ry body but herſelf, introduc'd this Diſcourſe, which like Wildfire flew thro' the Company; they talk'd how ev'ry body ought to Dreſs themſelves, but the Sum of their *Tittle-tattle* was *Scandal:* That Mrs. *Prim* look'd like a *Joynted Baby*, Mrs. *Fluggins* was a *Trapes*, Mrs. *Frippery* had n't Cloaths to her Back, and my Old Lady *Taudry dizen'd* herſelf out like a Girl of Fifteen, and whatever Lady's Appearance they allow'd compleat, 'twere well if ſhe had paid her *Sempſtreſs, her Mercer, her Manto-maker*, &c. Beauty was attributed to Art, Virtue to want of Admirers, good Conduct was ſtudy'd Hypocricy, Religion a Fit of Enthuſiaſm, and whatever Lady was the Toaſt of the whole Town, ſhe was certainly ſuſpected by the whole Town. Mrs. *Prudence Maxim*, who loves *Detraction* equal to her Ladyſhip, but tempers it with more good *Breeding*, and has the happineſs to have *Satyr, General, Juſt* and *Reforming*, fix'd the Raillery on *Mourning Alamode:* That the City were grown ſuch *Apes* of Quality, that the Comick *Poets* may to Eternity have a Tradeſman's Wife, as a ſtanding *Character*, and ev'ry Year vary it with new Affectations, Extravagancies, and diverting Occurrencies: One Lady muſt have her *Topknots* from St *James's*, another her *Smocks* waſh'd in *Holland*, a Third pretends to a *Viſiting Day*, and Mrs. *Razor*, Mrs. *Griskin*, Mrs. *Tarragon*, and Mrs. *Turkey-pout*, are uſher'd in like *Counteſſes*, and a Fourth has an *Aſſembly for Play:* Many of 'em arrive at all, and the Heads of ev'ry *Ward* wou'd fain have a Page, as well as my Lady *Mayoreſs*; but what ſeems moſt prepoſterous is, that when any *Foreigner* of Note, *Count Potoski*, or *Count Wiſnowiski* Dies, every *Sue Frowzy* in *Gutter-Lane, Blow-bladder-ſtreet*, and *Panniers-Alley*, is new *preſſing* her *black Cloth, hemming her Head*, and making her ſelf compleatly *diſmal*, when her Husband has n't Senſe enough to tell her, whether the Perſon deceaſed lived in *Europe, Aſia, Africa* or *America*. Theſe *Creatures* give juſt Provocation for their Husbands to Quarrel with them; for what can be more Monſtrous than to hear *Mercers* and *Lace Men* lament a Proſpect of Mourning, when their Wives hurry into it the firſt *Sunday* with the *Court*; the Noiſe of which ſpreading it ſelf through the Country, Mrs. *Cecily* and Mrs. *Winfred Glebe*, that never read a *Gazette*, muſt have their *Norwich Stuffs* too, and their *Shammy Gloves*, tho' it be only to black their *Faces* with them; nay, I expect in time to ſee the *Sailors Wives* at *Wapping* in their *Penitentials*, as well as the *Orange Women* at the *Play-houſe*; ſo that Trade dies for a Twelvemonth, thro' the *Fantaſtick* Pride of the Middle ſort of People, who by aiming at Things ſo infinitely above 'em, breed Misfortunes that cruſh 'em into Oblivion, like Younger Brothers that live upon the *Principal*, flutter about Town for a Twelvemonth, and are never heard of more. 'Tis from the difference of Habit, that we gueſs at the ſeveral Orders and Degrees of Mankind, and till Converſation acquaints us with their *Underſtandings*, we Reſpect 'em according to their *Garb*, and I take *Mourning* for *Foreign Kings*, to be a Habit as peculiar to the *Court*, as *Robes* are to thoſe in Publick Profeſſions, and what inferiour *Claſſes* ought not to *vie* with: Cou'd any one forbear Laughing, to ſee an *Alderman* in a *Herauld's Coat*, or a *Herauld* in *Scarlet and Furrs?* Is it not as Ridiculous to ſee a *Tradeſman's Wife* in a *Velvet Gown* and *Petticoat?* But theſe Matters are become ſo great a Jeſt, that but laſt Week a certain fine *Lady*, having the Misfortune to be depriv'd of *Belinda*, one of her Favourite *Lap-Dogs*, made a *Mock-Funeral*, and the other *Five* were put into a ſort of *Mourning* her.

From my Lodgings in Greek ſtreet, Soho.

This Evening the *Ingenious* Mrs. *Centlivre* did me the Favour of a *Viſit*, all the *Ladies* concerned in this *Paper* happen'd to be there, with ſeveral others of Faſhion of both *Sexes:* We having appointed a *Dancing Bout*, her Buſineſs then was chiefly to have my Opinion of her *New Comedy*, for that ſhe *ſpy'd* me out the firſt Night in the *Box*. I ask'd her, ſmiling, whether ſhe took the *Title* of her *Play* from the *Characters* ſhe had drawn, or from the *Perſons* that play'd thoſe *Characters*, ſince a certain *Theatrical Gentleman* is often *bewitch'd*, and that there is a *Stage Lady about whom there has been the Devil to do:* But letting *Raillery* apart, the whole Company *Congratulated* her on the *Succeſs* of her *Performance*, and were rejoyc'd to ſee the inimitable Mrs. *Bhen* ſo nearly reviv'd in Mrs. *Centlivre*; ſome there, who are eſteem'd no *ill Judges*, were pleaſed to ſay, they thought it a Genteel, Eaſy and Diverting *Comedy:* That it had a better *Plot*, and as many *Turns* in it as her *Celebrated Buſie-Body*; and tho' the two firſt Acts were not ſo *roar'd* at as the reſt, yet they were well Wrought Scenes, tending to Buſineſs: The

Squire

Squire out did himself throughout the whole *Action*; nor is Mrs. *Saunders*, tho' rank'd below *Belinda*, to be less applauded for her *Natural Trembling and Faultering in her Speech*, when she *apprehended Sir Jeffery to be a Ghost*. The *Ladies* highly commended the *Author*, as what cou'd they expect less from one of their own *Sex*, for the Care she had taken not to Offend the *nicest Ear*, with the least *Double Entendre*, and press'd me to acquaint the *Town*, that ev'n *Dissenters* may be seen at this *Play*; and tho' *Emilia* has not the assurance of some *Tailers*, to *Licence* one Man to *Ruin* all the rest of his Trade, yet she wou'd intreat the *Ladies*, especially those of *Quality*, to engage her such an *Appearance* the *Third* and *Sixth Night*, as to show they have a *Generous* Sense of the Pains she is daily taking, so Wittily and Innocently to Entertain them.

'Twas with some difficulty that we prevail'd on this *Lady* to stay Supper with us; for tho' she's a Woman of admirable good Sense, she is still a *Woman*, and consequently must retain a few *Foibles* of her *Sex*.—— She complain'd, she was so horridly *Mobb'd*, that she was enough to fright People; had she imagin'd the Honour of so much good Company, she'd have put herself in another guess Trim; but it being a wet Evening, she expected to have found me alone, and coming out in haste, had n't so much as put on a *Patch*; but assuring her her Dress needed no *Apology*, or if it had, 'twas her *Conversation* we coveted, she comply'd with our Request. The *Society* had the Curiosity of knowing the Nature of introducing a *Play* into the *House*; Mrs *Centlivre* told 'em, that 'twas much easier to Write a *Play* than to get it *Represented*; that their *Factions* and *Divisions* were so great, they seldom continued in the same mind two Hours together; that they treated her, (tho a Woman) in the *Masculine Gender*; and as they do all *Authors* with *Wrangling* and *Confusion*, which has made most Gentlemen that have a *Genius* to Scribling, employ their *Pens* another way; that to show thier Judgment in *Plays*, they had actually cut out the *Scene in the Fifth Act, between the Countryman and the Ghost*, which the *Audience* receiv'd with that *wonderful Applause*; and 'twas with very great strugling the *Author* prevail'd to have it in again; one made Faces at his Part, another was Witty upon her's: But as the whole was very well perform'd at last, she has Condescention to pass over the Affronts of a Set of People, who have it not in their Natures to be grateful to their *Supporters*.

†‡† *The Yeoman's Wife at* Sennock *in* Kent, *who being a little Purse Proud, was resolved to receive Company at her Lying-in, like the Quality Ladies, and placing her Side Saddle at the Beds Head sat upon it, Dress'd out in her best* Farrendine *Gown, a Plain Scarf and a High Crown Hat, is desired to take Notice that the Fashion is alter'd, and that the Ladies now sit up in Easy Chairs.*

†‡† *The Feast for the Gentlemen that have had no Education at all, will be held on Board the* Folly *on* Friday *the 16th Instant: Tickets may be had at* Noddy's *Coffee-House in* Exchange Alley; *Mr* Nobrain's, *Bookseller at the* Temple; *Mr* Rattle, *Sword Cutler in the* Strand; *Monsieur* La Fool *French Night Cap Maker in* Pall Mall; *and at most Beau Coffee-Houses at that end of the Town. Note, The Stewards for the next Year, are provided out of the County of* Essex.

†‡† *Mrs.* Frances Pingown, *a very pretty sort of a Body, who has an Air between a Gentlewoman and a Chamber Maid, is willing to keep a Batchellors House, thinking it much easier to please a Master than a Mistress; she reads a* Tragedy *with a world of Tenderness, and is so affected with* Desdemona's *Wrongs, that they exhaust Tears from her Eyes; has learnt* Fair Dorinda *from the Ballad-Singers, and has a most delicate Hand at making and unmaking a Bed. If any Courtier, Templer or Young Merchant, has occasion for such a Nymph, they may hear of her at Mrs.* Colberteen's *in the* New-Exchange, *with whom she has been a Twelvemonth to improve her Needlework, and to give her a little assurance, she coming perfectly Raw out of the Country.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jug Publish'd the Second Edition of.

*** A Brief Account of the Woollen Manufactory of England, with Relation to the Prejudice it receives by the Clandestine Exportation of Wool from Ireland into France. To which is added, an Appendix. Sold by Dryden Leach, in Elliot's Court, in the Little Old Baily.

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†‡† A Poem on the Glorious Successes of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, in the 3 last Campaigns in Flanders; with a Dedication to the Dutchess of Marlborough, Price 6 d. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick-Lane, by whom will shortly be Publish'd the History of the last Campaign in Flanders.

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THE Famous Chymical Quintissence of Bohee Tea and Cocoa-Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Virtues of both Tea and Nut are essentially inherent, and is really a pleasant, refreshing Preparation, found, upon Experience, to be the highest Restorative that either Food or Physick affords; for by it all Consumptive Habits, Decays of Nature, inward Wastings, weakly, thin, or emaciated Constitutions, Coughs, Asthma's, Ptysicks, Loss of Appetite, &c. are to a Miracle retriev'd, and the Body, Blood, and Spirits powerfully corroborated and restored. A few Drops of it, in a Dish of Bohee Tea or Chocolate, is the most durable Breakfast or Supper, and Outvies, for Virtue and Nourishment, 20 Dishes of either without it; nothing being more nutritive and supporting. Likewise to strengthen the Back, prevents Miscarriages, cause Procreation and Conception, it is beyond all Medicines, as those that once take it will find, and seamen ever live without it. It is also the only sure Cure for Vapours and Melancholly; for those Diseases being occasioned by the Poorness of the Blood and Spirits, this Quintissence cures, by its enriching and enlivening Properties. It is sold only at Mr Laurences, a Toy Shop, at the Sign of the Griffin, th Corner of Bucklersbury, in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with Printed Directions.

THe Famous Royal Essence for the Hair of the Head, Perriwigs, &c. being the most delightfully charming Perfume in Nature, excellently beneficial to Health, and the best Preserver of Hair in the World, keeping that of Perriwigs in the Curl, and all Hair from fading or changing Colour; makes the Hair of the Head grow thick, strengthens and comforts its Roots, and infallibly keeps it from falling off, or splitting at the Ends. By its incomparable Perfume it strengthens the Brain, revives the Spirits and quickens the Memory, but never raises the Vapours in Ladies; it also Scents Handkerchiefs excellently, Since it has been so exceedingly admir'd and valu'd by the Nobility and Gentry, it has been basely counterfeited, therefore take Notice that the true is to be had only at Mr Alcrafts, a Toy-shop at the Blue Coat Boy against the Royal Exchange in Cornhil, at 2 s. the Bottle with Directions,

THe most immediate and real Anodine Elixir for the Gripes, Chollick and Wind ever known; the first Dose instantly expels the Wind and gives Ease, the second or third effectually carries off the Cause that the Patient is well, and that whether the Body is Costive or Loose, and whether the Humours are in the Stomach, Bowels or both. In the Gripes and Nervous Chollicks that cause Lameness in the Limbs, like the West India Gripes, it is the most present Remedy in the World, as also for all Pains in the Stomach or Back, rising in the Throat, stitches in the Sides, windy or flatulent Pains in the Limbs, &c. Is sold for 3 s. 6 d. the Bottle, at the Golden Key in Wartons Court near Holbourn Bars, with Directions.

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PLeasant Drops for the Chin-Cough, and the Hooping Cough in Children, which to the Astonishment of all that use them, certainly cures in two or three Days time, and often times in one Day, when the Fit of coughing has been so violent, as render the Children black in the Face, their Breath almost spent, and ready to drop down Dead; and for all other Coughs and Pthisicks in Old or Young, is a most excellent and approved Remedy. Price 3 s. 6 d. the Bottle. To be had at Mr Spooners at the Golden Half Moon in Lemon-street Goodmans Fields near White Chappel, with Printed Directions.

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